

# The TATLER

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*Bertram Park*

## Air Chief Marshal Sir William Tedder, G.C.B.

Formerly A.O. C-in-C. R.A.F., Middle East, Air Chief Marshal Sir William Tedder was appointed last November Vice-Chief of the Air Staff. Early last month, on the eve of his departure from Cairo to take up his new duties in England, his wife was tragically killed in a flying accident while returning from visiting an R.A.F. hospital in Cyrenaica. Lady Tedder had been with her husband in the Middle East since the critical days of last June, and took an active part in the R.A.F. welfare work out there. Sir William Tedder served in the last war with the Dorsetshire Regiment in France and Egypt, transferring to the R.A.F. in 1919, since when he has held many important posts. He was Director-General of Research and Development at the Air Ministry from 1938 to 1940, and to him is due much of the credit for our air successes in Egypt and Libya. One of his sons was killed soon after he took over the Middle East Command in 1941





# WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

## Dramatic

**H**ATS off to President Roosevelt! In his last speech the President used this phrase to praise the people of America who had immersed themselves in the war effort. I use it to praise him. His five-thousand miles flight to meet Mr. Churchill at Casablanca was a great feat, a dramatic development in the global war. We are used to Mr. Churchill suddenly disappearing and turning up at some distant capital or at a desert front. But though we had hoped to greet the President of the United States in this country most people knew that it was nearly impossible for him to travel so far. When the proposal was mentioned at any gathering the experts said that he could not leave Washington because the Constitution forbade him. This was never strictly true according to the letter, but in the spirit, no President is supposed to leave the Western Hemisphere during his term of office.

But Franklin-Delano Roosevelt is no ordinary President of the United States. He's a history-maker. Consider the man: he's a victim of infantile paralysis, and therefore cannot walk any distance without continuous support. He's got an unruly Congress, and a mass of political problems. But did these deter him? I am sure that a lot of people tried to stop him undertaking this long journey on purely personal grounds. I'll bet he had a struggle to convince them that he must make the effort, and that whatever they said he was going to do it. And now he's done it, and from this remarkable flight I am sure will flow further results, for

the benefit of us all, for Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt cannot meet without achieving something. Hats off to President Roosevelt.

## Secret

**I**T is usual, after such an event—in this case a staggering event—for newspapers to say this was the best-kept secret of the war. For once the newspapers are right. Many wise people, including myself, knew that Mr. Churchill had gone off somewhere. It is rather remarkable that the Germans also knew. It is remarkable that they announced that Mr. Churchill was going to America even before there was the least suspicion of the possibility in the most knowledgeable parts of Whitehall. But it gives one a peculiar pleasure to record that one did not know where Mr. Churchill had really gone. That he turned up at Casablanca was really a surprise, and that President Roosevelt was there to meet him was a bigger surprise still.

If it was a surprise to us, what a blow it must have been to the Germans. Here is one of these small things which must have shaken the hirelings of the German High Command. For days the German wireless was telling the world that Mr. Churchill was in Washington, and that he had done this and done that. What must the world think when the British and the American wireless, at the same time, calmly announced that they did meet, but in Casablanca? If Goebbels has any complacency left, this latest indication of failure must have been a shattering blow.

## Action

**B**y the number of those who attended on the Prime Minister and the President, and by the positions they occupy in the combined services of the two nations, we are entitled to assume that action is pending. President Roosevelt called it the conference of unconditional surrender. Adopting this line of thought, one is inclined to believe that the discussions which have taken place have been concerned with the last round of the fight against the Axis. Otherwise why talk about unconditional surrender? It is an offensive and not a defensive phase. There must be plans in existence which the conference confirmed for striking at the heart of Germany. It would be unwise, however, to expect that this action and these plans are suddenly going to appear round the corner. As we have seen before, time is the governing factor. Tunisia must be cleared before the United Nations can move elsewhere. So we must watch the campaign in Tunisia very closely, for as it comes to an end the further phase will be fulfilled. In the meantime it will be a period of bombs and more bombs on Germany; and American bombs particularly.

## Promotion

**T**HE appearance of General Harold Alexander among the staff officers of Casablanca may be significant. It coincided with the success of his strategy by which General Montgomery drove the Germans out of Tripolitania, and took over the city of Tripoli. Since then it has been stated in America that General Alexander is to become Commander-in-Chief in North Africa in succession to General Eisenhower, with General Montgomery as his partner.

## Discussion

**A**T last, General de Gaulle and General Giraud have met and talked together as Frenchmen. They also met President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill at Casablanca. Here let us hope the foundation of future French unity was laid. It would be unwise to expect immediate and far-reaching results. Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt arranged the meeting and bestowed their blessing on the talks between the two French patriots. Time and circumstance



*A Reception at Balliol College, Oxford, for the Turkish Mission*

The Turkish Technical Mission, headed by Major-General Sirri Seyrek, Director-General of Ordnance Factories in Turkey, paid a recent visit to Oxford, attending a reception at Balliol College. Major-General Seyrek, who expressed appreciation of his reception throughout Britain, is seen here with General Hawes

Above is Lady Willert, who with her husband, Sir Arthur Willert, Regional Information Officer, received the visitors. With her are Major-General Sir Ernest Swinton and General G. S. Witham. Others present at the reception were Sir David Ross, Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University, and the Deputy Mayor of Oxford



must be left to do the rest. General de Gaulle and General Giraud are old friends. They share the same military ideals, but it is doubtful if they have the same political conceptions. In his exile, General de Gaulle has trained himself in a hard school of statesmanship. It would not be surprising, therefore, if he looked on the problem of France with a political rather than a military eye. General Giraud, exiled as a war prisoner in a military camp, must have dreamed of a military revenge which would restore his country to her former position. Therefore he cannot be expected to think in political terms to the exclusion of his military convictions. This, I venture to state, is the difference which resulted from this historic meeting. It is a big difference, but not insurmountable. France is prostrate and both men are patriots. Now they have met there will be nothing to stop further meetings.

What is equally important, President Roosevelt has met General de Gaulle for the first time and received a new impression of France and the Fighting French movement. I do not believe that the President could fail to be impressed by General de Gaulle. So we must not despair if there are not immediate results from this first step towards French unity. We must wait and hope.

#### Decision

THERE is to be no Supreme War Council of the four great powers, Great Britain, the United States, Soviet Russia and China, for the time being. American newspapers made much of this possibility while President Roosevelt and the Prime Minister were meeting. They must have been told that this was being contemplated, or mistaken some of the indications presented to them. This latter possibility is the most likely when reading the communique from Casablanca, stating that Premier Stalin had been invited to join in the conference, which for his benefit would have been held at some point farther east. A more easterly point would have enabled Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek to have taken part. As it is, Premier Stalin was too much occupied pushing back the Germans with such highly encouraging results.



#### At a Nurses' Club Opening

Lord Bennett, former Canadian Prime Minister, greeted Dame Katherine Jones, D.B.E., R.R.C., Matron-in-Chief of Queen Alexandra's Nursing Service, at the opening of a new Canadian Nurses' Club, the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Garfield Weston, to the Canadian Red Cross

#### Success

IMAGINE Premier Stalin's pride when he issued his last Order of the Day describing how the Russian Army had routed 102 enemy divisions and captured more than 200,000 prisoners in a 250-mile advance in the course of two months. He could take great pleasure in doing this for in November when he ordered the offensive action against the German troops at Stalingrad he had forecast precisely what has happened. He told the Germans that they were going to feel the full weight of new and heavier blows. He told the Russian people that the enemy was going to be driven back. Success has so far attended Russian arms. Stalingrad has been freed. The Germans have

been smashed in a way and with a weight they had never anticipated. It has been an amazing two months. Now we have to await the impact of this reverse, which is now revealed in all its magnitude to the German people.

Here is the test of Hitler's political leadership. If the people of Germany, after hearing Hitler's tenth anniversary speech, continue to support him he has another chance. If the people are completely disillusioned, the German General Staff may act. I believe that the German General Staff will study most closely the reactions of the German people in the next three weeks before they decide what they intend to do. At the moment the German lines are being shortened in Russia. This is a defensive action, and we must remember that Hitler has always promised a wall of steel between Germany and her enemies. But what is the good of a wall of steel if there is not a curtain in the skies to hold off the onslaught of air power?

#### Nonsense

LORD WOOLTON is praised as Britain's Food Minister. He is acclaimed as the one man who has done a really good job. The organisation of the nation's larder is put to his credit. Not even he, however, would claim all the credit. There are those who go down to the sea in ships who have helped to build the stocks and those who came before Lord Woolton, years before, and saw the dangers we might have to face. Nevertheless Lord Woolton deserves credit for keeping a balance and not making too many mistakes. But I venture to say to one whose popularity has real publicity value that he has made a serious mistake. This is the ridiculous system by which restaurants are allowed to make house charges. There was never a more foolish and ridiculous system put into operation by any politician. Stampeded by political cries from the Left Wing, Lord Woolton rushed in and made a decision which has led to swollen profits and bad food in London's principal restaurants. Lord Woolton was lacking in political sense when he did this. I wonder if he has learned better since, for the system of house charges is nonsense.



#### Two Christmas Pictures from the Middle East

Air Vice-Marshal Sir Arthur Coningham (right), A.O.C. Western Desert, was photographed at his Libyan Headquarters with members of his staff, Wing Commander J. E. Dunning, Air Commodore J. Whitford, O.B.E., Air Commodore H. Broadhurst, D.S.O. and bar, D.F.C. and bar, A.F.C. and bar, Group Captain S. H. V. Harris and Air Commodore T. W. Elmhurst, A.F.C.

General Sir Harold Alexander, C.-in-C. Middle East, arrived by air at the Eighth Army H.Q. on Christmas Eve. Air Vice-Marshal Sir Arthur Coningham was also there, and they attended a special service in the desert, joining in the singing. General Alexander took over the Middle East Command from General Sir Claude Auchinleck in August, 1942



# MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Soldiers Nine

By James Agate

**N**INE MEN (New Gallery and Marble Arch Pavilion) is an all-male film; no soprano, mezzo-soprano, or even contralto disturbs the tenebrous timbre of this comparatively small male ensemble; there are no more than eleven speaking parts in the entire film. The *primo uomo*, if one may coin such a phrase, is the redoubtable Sergeant Watson (Jack Lambert), who is at once chorus and chief soloist in the story as it unfolds itself.

**H**ERE it is. At a training-centre somewhere in England a batch of infantry recruits is being instructed in what is known as battle school; elaborate acrobatics of jumping, running, leaping, crouching, climbing and what not. Arrived back in their quarters the boys start grousing, in other words availing themselves of the immemorial right of their countrymen. They hate the acrobatics, their feet are sore, they are browned-off. In the midst of this orgy of fed-up-ness enters the Sergeant; and after telling them exactly where they get off and encouraging them to get on, he proceeds to tell them the full history of that hair-raising adventure of his in the Libyan desert which occupies the rest of the film.

We have seen most of this before, but this looks like the real thing; there are no concessions to sentimentality or chicken-heartedness, and we follow the men's dangers and escapes with bated breath. There are nine of them, hence the title: an officer, the Sergeant, and seven other ranks. Heroes every one, true-blue, stick-it-to-the-end, bulldogs of the real British breed, and all with a laugh and a curse. Fear is unknown to them—a wound in the leg or neck only spurs them on to still greater feats of heroism and endurance. Stranded in the desert, miles away from their unit, they are forced to lag behind, exposed to enemy shot and shell, and, with instant death staring them in the face,

compelled to make the best of an exceedingly bad job. No protection for them, stuck in the endless sand, burned by the everlasting sun. Finally they find a kind of summer-house, or fort, which they proceed to occupy, and which forms their background of attack and highly uncertain bulwark of defence.

**T**HEY are set-on by what they call the Eye-ties. These seemingly inefficient gentry are taken prisoner by the valiant squad, or killed, or relieved of their rations. This is all. Ding dong, up and down, heels-over-head goes the unbeatable unit, made up, as usual, of Scots, cockneys, the gentle-born and the toughs. The officer is wounded and dies, then two privates are put out of action, leaving at last only six, who, thanks to the sun and the dust and the shot and the shell, do at the end look very like the historic Little Nigger Boys in the poem. The Sergeant takes command, and what a sergeant he is! How he yells, spurs his troops onwards, forwards, backwards, sideways, how he abuses them, exhilarates them, comforts them, alternately cossets and devastates them with Kiplingese tongue! All these boys, including the wounded, we feel, deserve the Victoria Cross; but what decoration is mighty enough for this untiring sergeant, who is father, mother, friend, guide and philosopher to his heterogeneous crew? A great creature, this, and never has the mantle of the immortal Rudyard rested so authentically on the shoulders of a successor. At least I can imagine that to be the view of somebody who has forgotten his Kipling.

**S**HALL we pick holes? Shall we wonder, while of course rejoicing, that the Eye-ties fall down like ninepins every time they are shot? May we be the littlest bit incredulous about the consistently infallible shooting of the British? May

we wonder at the endurance of these men, sans food or drink, at their incredible cheerfulness, at their astounding healthiness? Are there no insects in this horrible desert, no stinks, and no epidemics? Zola, who spared us nothing in *La Débâcle*, would have given us what his friend Daudet called "toute la lyre." Be it so. We are good Englishmen. We believe in these miracles. We have to. They exist.

**L**EST the nervous reader should imagine that these Soldiers Nine finish up with disaster and annihilation, let me hasten to assure him that the squad is saved by the timely appearance of some British tanks, and that, at the end of the picture they all go the same way—well, not exactly home, but at any rate towards some momentary comfort and safety. And at the end of the narrative we are back at the Grouching Academy. But the recruits have ceased to be browned-off, and with heads in the air, and, we hope, hearts aflame . . .

**W**HETHER the American cinema will take this picture to its bosom remains to be seen. The dialogue is of an unusual frankness and contains a word (I think I heard it twice) not yet heard in our chaste palaces of delight; a word in commonest usage, but still banned in the drawing-rooms of suburbia. It will be a pity if America gets its usual attack of verbal puritis, because the acting, done mostly by professional soldiers, is first-class.

As I came out of the theatre into a burst of exceedingly wintry sunshine the Muse of Poetry seized me, and within Oddenino's very portals I delivered myself of the following stanzas:—

And how can man die better  
Than facing foemen's fire,  
To fill the picture-houses  
Of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer?  
And how can man die braver  
Than fall with bosom swellin',  
To furnish propaganda  
For British Pictures, Welwyn?  
And how can man die bolder  
Than exit without squealing,  
To bring a handsome profit  
To United Artists, Ealing?



Men of The South Wales Borderers and London Irish Make Their Film Debut in "Nine Men"

The story of the film "Nine Men," which is written and directed by Harry Watt, is told by James Agate above. The film was produced at Ealing by Michael Balcon. Incidental music is contributed by Eric Coates, who wrote "The Eighth Army March," and by John Greenwood. The film, which is a tribute to the men of the glorious Eighth Army, is presented at an appropriate time. Never were we more conscious than now of the debt we owe to these men. Above, left, are four of the cast, Jack Lambert as Sergeant Watson, Gordon Jackson, Bill Blewitt, and Eric Micklewood; right, Grant Sutherland demonstrates the British method of disposing of the Eye-ties



# "The Moon and Sixpence"

Somerset Maugham's Novel on the Screen

Adapted and directed by Albert Lewin, *The Moon and Sixpence*, Somerset Maugham's novel which created such a sensation in America twenty years ago, is having its London premiere at the Odeon on February 5. The story tells of a London stockbroker who revolting against convention, deserts his wife, and after hardship and privation finds a new world first in Paris, then in Tahiti, so developing the gift that has hitherto lain dormant in him that his work becomes internationally famous and he himself is hailed, after death, as one of the great geniuses of art



After a serious illness in Paris, Charles goes to Tahiti, a place which has long held his imagination. Here his art develops and his work fulfils the brilliant promise of his ambition. He produces many paintings which are later hailed as masterpieces

In Tahiti, Charles is befriended by the island's hotel proprietress (Florence Bates). She arranges his marriage to a native girl, Ata (Elena Verdugo) and, with her, Charles finds peace and for the first time in his life, real happiness



Novelist Geoffrey Wolfe (Herbert Marshall) finds his ex-stockbroker friend, Charles Strickland (George Sanders) living in Paris. Contrary to his wife's conviction, Charles is not living with a woman. He has dedicated his life to art



Behind him in Paris, Charles leaves an unhappy record. Nursed by a fellow-artist's wife (Doris Dudley) he takes her away with him. Her subsequent suicide following the knowledge that he does not love her, leaves him unmoved

Charles meets his death when he catches the dreaded disease of the tropics. He is buried by old Dr. Coutras (Albert Basserman) while Ata mourns. Faithful to her husband's last wish, Ata burns many of his paintings





# The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

## The Desert Song (Prince of Wales)

YOU may probably remember the land of Araby whose songs, in the good old pre-crooner days, every drawing-room tenor worth his alt used to sing. It lies, one would say, somewhere between Doughty's exclusive *Arabia Deserta* and *The Garden of Allah* thrown open to the public by Mr. Robert Hichens. Its attractions have been modernised since the librettist took it over from the tenors, and here is one of its songs grown to opera size. Some Ouidaesque features remain; notably the personnel of the French garrison, which is as dashing as ever, but far more tuneful. The sands of the desert retain their glamour, and the local tribesmen have become, like their elusive sheiks, enthusiastic choristers. Time marches on, even in musical comedy. The sheiks, it is true, may not be quite the great shakes they were in the Valentino era, but their chivalry, though largely musical in expression, is no less pronounced.

Change may also be noted in the manners and deportment of the lady tourists who answer the call of the desert. They are as susceptible as of old, but less passionately intense than were their Edwardian prototypes who sought, and found in exotic bivouacs beneath the stars, the risks and raptures denied them by humdrum boudoirs at home. Here both sheik and lady break away from tradition, and behave in accordance with operatic laws. Both, by the way, happen to be French. He is a sheik by adoption, so to speak; she brings to the desert the sparkling sang-froid, not to say *espièglerie*, of the boulevard.

*The Desert Song*, you may also remember, was one of those high-powered importations from America which, in the nineteen-twenties, found so congenial a home at Drury Lane. It has been running, on and off, and here and there, ever since. Its immediate predecessor and compatriot, *Rose Marie*, with its totem dance and other wholesale attractions, set up standards in vigour and success which our native masters have since emulated. While tempering perforce the popular excitement aroused by the original production, this revival shows the grounds on which that popularity was based. Musical and spectacular, rather



Margot (Eleanor Fayre), bored with the long absences of the men of the garrison, dresses up in borrowed uniform. With her girl friends she sings the French Marching Song

Left: The Red Shadow (Harry Welchman) sings of the enchantment of the desert to the romance-starved Margot

than dramatic, they include agreeably catchy, desert-laden arias, rousing military marches, and choric ensembles that pay for being well and enthusiastically sung.

There are other attractions, of course; notably the presence in the company of Mr.

Harry Welchman, the hero of the original production. What Irving was to *The Bells*, and Martin Harvey to *The Only Way*, Mr. Welchman is to *The Desert Song*. He now sings and plays the hero with an artistic ease and assurance that must have become second nature. His performance, if not the part itself, has mellowed into a classic.

The part is a double-faced teaser which alternates in its acting demands between the sublime and the ridiculous. As Pierre Birabeau, the supposedly nitwit son of the garrison commander, Mr. Welchman has to belie all those heroic impulses and achievements which, as the Red Shadow, make him the idol of the Rifi and the bane of the French. This duality is forced on him by a divided devotion to love, in the person of Margot, his father's guest, and war, as the active champion of the Rifi—to say nothing of the whims of the plot. So, with the connivance of the scene-shifters, and possibly for their convenience, Mr. Welchman doubles backwards and forwards over the backstage desert between his eyrie in the hills and the courtyard of the general's house, running with the Rifi hare, so to speak, and putting the French hounds off the scent, while ringing the changes on costume and equivocation with protean ease and celerity. This he does, without prejudice to style or sonority, in a performance that is a masterpiece in a tricky genre, and gives this revival its cachet.

As the lady in the case, Miss Eleanor Fayre sings admirably and acts with spirit. Mr. Victor Standing, as Pierre's all but successful rival in love and war, leads the soldier choruses with élan, and copes with that wild cat of the desert, Azuri, whose smouldering passions Miss Phyllis Baker neither occidentalises nor cools.

The comic relief, rather perfunctory stuff, has its lively insets of song and dance, and is amicably shared by Mr. Frederic Bentley and Miss Helen Barnes. Remains the gallant, but easily befooled old general, under whose very nose so much personal and political intrigue flourishes. Bating, for the nonce, his Sherlock Holmes astuteness, Mr. Arthur Wontner, whom the uniform becomes, gives the old warrior's prattle the benefit of his vintage art.



Azuri (Phyllis Baker) is determined to fight for her lover, Paul (Victor Standing), who has announced his betrothal to the French girl, Margot

Sketches by Tom Titt



Left: Comic relief is provided by Benny (Frederic Bentley). In the harem of Ali Ben Ali he is ramped by Clementine (Olive Rose) to the consternation of Susan, his girl friend (Helen Barnes)





Kurt: "I will be waiting at the dock"

Roger Livesey as Kurt Muller, with his three children—Bodo, the youngest (David Baxter), Babette (Maureen Glynne) and Joshua (Michael Gainsborough)



Fanny: "Sara, Sara, darling! You're here? You're really here?"  
Fanny Farrelly, wealthy American (Zena Dare), welcomes home her daughter, Sara (Ursula Jeans) after her long absence in Europe

## "Watch on the Rhine"

An All-Star Touring Company Sets  
Out on the Road

Photographs by  
John Vickers



Marthe: "Let's have a good time"  
Marthe de Brancovis (Kathleen Kent), friend of the Farrellys, falls in love with David (Geoffrey Toone)

*Watch on the Rhine*, produced by Emlyn Williams at the Aldwych Theatre in April last year, has proved so successful that another company to tour in the same play has been formed by Mr. Williams. Zena Dare, Roger Livesey and Ursula Jeans will portray the characters of Mrs. Farrelly, Kurt Muller and Sara respectively, the roles so brilliantly played at the Aldwych by Athene Seyler, Anton Walbrook and Diana Wynyard. The company is playing at His Majesty's Theatre, Aberdeen, this week, and will later visit Edinburgh, Glasgow, Sheffield, Leeds, Newcastle, Manchester, Coventry, Leicester, Oxford, Bristol and Cardiff

Sara: "Is it wrong of me to talk like this?"

For many years Sara has known extreme poverty and hardship. Her excitement overflows as she shows a new dress to Kurt, and to Teck de Brancovis (Robert Andrews)





# On and Off Duty

## A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

### Working in London

ONE of the many members of European reigning families doing a full-time war job over here is tall, good-looking young Prince Bertil of Sweden. As a lieutenant in the Royal Swedish Navy, he is attached to the naval department of the Swedish Legation in London, and handles a whole mass of business relating to the ships which pass between this country and his own. As a Swede, of course, Prince Bertil is a neutral and, good diplomat that he is, he never portrays in any way the direction in which his sympathies lie. A short while ago he had lunch with the King at Buckingham Palace and discussed at great length the technicalities of war and post-war shipping and other problems, involving the two countries. He speaks fluent English, as well as several other languages, and like his sister, Princess Ingrid, has always had a great many friends in this country. His mother was Princess Margaret of Connaught, and all the old royal servants who saw the Prince at Buckingham Palace recently, were struck by his likeness to his mother, a very beautiful woman. Third in the male succession to the Swedish throne, Prince Bertil is Duke of Halland, but he does not use this title in the ordinary way.

### Foreign Press Luncheon

KING GEORGE OF THE HELLENES was in sparkling good form when he was guest of honour at the Foreign Press Association luncheon the other day. It was an "austerity" luncheon of two courses only—lobster patty and a rice sweet—surely the shortest menu ever offered to a King, but His Majesty seemed to be enjoying himself all the same, and apart from his formal after-luncheon speech, had a

number of private conversations with British and foreign journalists present. King George, an inveterate monocle-wearer, discarded his eyeglass in favour of a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles when he read his speech, a frank and outspoken statement, in which he paid tribute to the humane relief work organised by Turkey and other neutral countries to help his people, who are undergoing such terrible and heartrending experiences at this time. Colonel Humphrey Butler, of the Rifle Brigade, formerly Equerry to the late Duke of Kent, and a well-known figure at Brooklands and in the international motor-racing world before the war, was with King George, acting for the time being as British chief of staff to His Majesty. Colonel Levidis, Master of the Horse, and one of King George's oldest and most trusted friends, is still, of course, head of His Hellenic Majesty's Household.

### New Club for Officers

WHAT used to be the restaurant of the Hotel Splendide was crowded when, in its new guise as the dining-room of the Y.M.C.A.'s King George's Club for Officers, the Duke of Gloucester performed the opening ceremony. His Royal Highness, who was in uniform, came with Princess Helena Victoria, who is the president of the National Y.M.C.A. Auxiliary, and in his informal little speech referred to his own personal knowledge of the work of the Y.M.C.A. which he saw recently in the Middle East. The Club, designed by Mr. Oliver Hill, makes a further addition to the much-needed accommodation for officers on leave in, or passing through, London. Over one hundred officers can sleep there. Bed and bath costs 5s. a night (there is a bathroom to every two

or three bedrooms), breakfast 2s., lunch 2s. 6d., tea, 1s., and dinner, 3s. Murals in the lounge and writing-room have been carried out with left-over scraps of bright paper, and in the snack-bar, Mr. Hill's audacious enterprise has gone still further and he has decorated the curved screen walls with odd lengths of wall-paper. Curtains are vivid red and white. Princess Helena Victoria spoke for a few minutes after H.R.H., and then the Royal party made a tour of some of the bedrooms, as well as the dining-room, lounge, writing-room, snack bar, library, games room, billiards room and dance room. The chapel, which is blue-grey and white, its only decoration a solitary white dove, emblem of peace, is to be dedicated by the Chaplain-General to the Forces shortly. A fork luncheon, admirably arranged on long tables, followed the Royal tour of the Club. The Duke and Princess and other important guests, including Lady Louis Mountbatten, sat down for theirs, but the majority stood and helped themselves. The Hon. Mrs. Sydney Marsham, who has done so much for the Club, and who designed the very decorative prune and white linen curtains in the dining-room, was there and being congratulated on all sides.

### Musical Evening

TO most people, the name of Sir Paul Dukas conjures up visions of desperate adventures on Secret Service in the East, and he is not so generally associated with music. However, he is a first-rate pianist, and during his years in Czarist Russia was assistant to Albert Coates at the Imperial Marinsky Opera in Petrograd. The other night a small gathering of English friends were privileged to hear Sir Paul when, after dinner in the hospitable flat of Sir Egerton and Lady Hamond-Graeme in Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, he played some of his own compositions on the hostess's own ultra-modern tiny piano. He also accompanied Major Beddington-Behrens when he entertained the party with his delightful French songs. Another able pianist in the company was Mr. Eric Rice who, though now so well known for his work in connection with the Overseas League, started his career as a professional pianist. Lady Doris Gunston and her young daughter,

(Continued on page 138)



Lady Wavell Visits Ceylon

Lady Wavell accompanied her husband, General Sir Archibald Wavell, C.-in-C. India, on his recent tour of Ceylon. She had a busy time visiting military hospitals and welfare organisations. Here she is seen with an attendant of one of the mobile tea-cars provided by the Tea Propaganda Board of Ceylon.



Lady Elgin Launches a Ship

The Countess of Elgin had her two youngest children, Lady Alison Bruce and the Hon. David Bruce, with her when she launched a new merchant vessel at a Scottish shipyard. They were photographed before the ceremony with Admiral Sir Wilbraham Randle Ford.





*Cecil Beaton*

H.M. The Queen: A New Portrait



## On and Off Duty

(Continued)

Sonia, Miss Rosie Newman, and Mrs. Abel Smith, were among the guests.

### Wedding at the Guards' Chapel

MISS VICTORIA MONTGOMERIE-CHARRINGTON made a very attractive bride in her lovely dress of white and silver brocade when she married Captain Anthony Leatham, Welsh Guards, only son of Vice-Admiral Sir Ralph Leatham and Lady Leatham. On her fair hair the bride wore a diaphanous and beautiful veil of fine Brussels lace, three hundred years old, which was lent by her mother. Mrs. Montgomerie-Charrington held a reception at Lady Fairfax's flat in Prince's Gate. Her son, Robin, gave away his sister, watched by his attractive young American wife (who had been up all night nursing a cow and her calves laid low with pneumonia down on her farm). Lady Leatham was present, but the bridegroom's father is away in Malta, where he is Acting Governor during the absence of Lord Gort. Among the many guests were the Hon. Mrs. Cooper-Key, the Countess of Ronaldshay and Lady Harwood, wife of Admiral Sir Henry Harwood, who succeeded Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham as C-in-C., Mediterranean. He commanded the squadron whose action against the German pocket-battleship Graf Spee in December 1939 led to her being scuttled by her crew after the Battle of the River Plate. The lower deck was represented by an ordinary seaman—one of the groom's cousins. The bride's grandmother, who fractured her hip some time ago, came up specially from Hertford to attend the wedding and was in her wheelchair; she brought "Vicki" a diamond wrist-watch, which the bride put on at once when it was given her in the church.

### Potato Plan Pursued

As people become increasingly potato-conscious, thanks to coaxing but insistent propaganda on the subject, the mundane vegetable is gaining a place of honour on menus, and recognition from others besides the gourmets who have always known what is good. Among the latter is Major John Montagu, who includes plain potatoes baked



### Argentine Packers

Stella and Ana Ines Carcano, the two charming daughters of Dr. Miguel Carcano, the Argentine Ambassador in London, are expert packers of parcels for prisoners of war, at a Red Cross packing centre

in their jackets, and served on a separate plate, in a perfectly planned austerity meal. The Major, who is a veteran of the Boer War, knows most of what there is to be known about food, wine, racing and bridge, and in the last few years has added the work of the Sadler's Wells Ballet to his many interests, attending regularly, always in the same seat. The other evening I saw him talking to Mr. Robert Helpmann, who had just been in a nursing home having a wisdom tooth removed before the start of the company's present short season at the New. Helpmann's first-night performance as Dr. Coppelius, the old toy-maker in the ballet *Coppelia* (see pages 144-145), brought a tremendous ovation from a crowded house. Coppelius must surely be one of Robert Helpmann's most inspired creations.

### About

LADY URSULA VERNON, with her husband, was one of last week's loveliest diners-out. Lady Weymouth, another tall beauty, was also up in London recently, and went shopping in Piccadilly wearing a large coloured silk handkerchief round her head. Also tall is the new



Hay Wrightson

### A Young V.A.D.

Miss Rosemary Walker is the eldest daughter of the late Capt. Hugh Edicard Walker and of the Hon. Mrs. Walker. Her mother, a sister of Lord Forbes, of Castle Forbes, Aberdeenshire, lives at Kingsmills, Inverness

Lady Lambton, formerly Miss Belinda Blew-Jones. Her father, Major Douglas Blew-Jones, was at one time in the Life Guards, where he was able to see over the heads of most of the notoriously tall troopers; her extremely amusing mother was one of the attractive Birkins, sister of the Marquise de Casa Maury and Mrs. James Seely.

Lord Cole was out dancing, his partner lovely Russian Maria Britnieva. Other young men about that evening were Mr. J. A. F. St. Aubyn, of St. Michael's Mount, and in the R.A.F.V.R.; Mr. Andrew Trotter, talking to Mr. Derek Stanley Smith, who has just got his commission in the Navy, and Mr. Ian Lubbock, having a week off from Windsor, where he is acting with the Repertory Company, and fitting in occasional broadcasts as well. Miss Diana Bottomley was among the pretty girls to be seen, and Mr. and Mrs. Peter Kimber danced together: she was Miss Audrey Drake, one of a family of remarkably good-looking sisters from Devonshire, of whom the eldest died tragically young as the belated result of a hunting accident. She was Mrs. Charles

(Concluded on page 152)



### Two Important Weddings Recently Celebrated in London

The marriage of the Earl of Kenmare and Enid Viscountess Furness took place on January 26th at the Brompton Oratory. Formerly Viscount Castlerosse, Lord Kenmare is a well-known journalist, and recently he scored a big success as script and dialogue-writer for the film "The Young Mr. Pitt"

On January 23rd Captain Charles Anthony La Trobe Leatham, only son of Vice-Admiral Sir Ralph and Lady Leatham, married Miss Victoria Mildred Montgomerie-Charrington at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks. She is the younger daughter of the late Major Victor Montgomerie-Charrington and of Mrs. Montgomerie-Charrington





**Mrs. Dermot Macgillicuddy**, wife of the Macgillicuddy of the Reeks, is the youngest daughter of the late Mr. Edward Kennedy, former well-known breeder of thoroughbreds, and is a sister of Viscountess Jocelyn and the Hon. Mrs. Henry Wellesley. She has one son, Donough, born in 1939, who lives at his parents' home, Bishops Court, Co. Kildare, while his father is serving at a Group Headquarters, R.A.F., and his mother works for the Red Cross in London. Mrs. Macgillicuddy is a very keen racegoer, has many friends, and had twenty-two bridesmaids at her wedding in Ireland in 1938.



**Mrs. Steuart Phillpotts** was before her marriage Miss Finola Mary Fitzgerald, and is the only daughter of Captain Arthur Fitzgerald, of Valencia, Co. Kerry, and a niece of Sir John Fitzgerald, Bt., twenty-first Knight of Kerry. She married in 1940 Colonel Henry Steuart Phillpotts, Grenadier Guards, of Russelstown Park, Co. Carlow.

## Four Portraits By Olive Snell



**Left: Lady Isabel Milles** is the youngest of Earl Sondes' three sisters, and a daughter of the late Hon. Henry Augustus Milles-Lade, and the Hon. Mrs. Milles-Lade. Lord Sondes succeeded to the earldom in 1941 on the death of his uncle, and he has one son, Viscount Throuley, born in 1940.



**Right: Mrs. John Hobson** was Miss Beryl Stuart Johnson, and is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Johnson, of Henshall Hall, Congleton, Cheshire. Her husband, Major John Hobson, of Harpole Hall, Northampton, is serving in the Northamptonshire Yeomanry. The Hobsons have one daughter Edwina, two years old.



# Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

**C**ONSUMED by a desire to gaze on the mournful beauty of the faces opposite them in railway trains, certain citizens have been raising such hell about the present dim lighting that the Cabinet has given way.

The Victorians, who interest us passionately, would have called this urge morbidity. Under their thick glass railway-carriage lamps, with a tiny bluish light winking in a greenish oil-deposit, they travelled interminable journeys without a murmur, very stiff and proud, absorbed in contemplation of their own greatness and speaking to nobody. Constantly they were murdered in tunnels. Our theory is that this was the work of desperate madmen or foreigners who found it the only way to get a human squeak out of them. Or maybe it was just a literary hobby. Clapham Junction was considered an ideal setting by criminologists. Think of Clapham Junction in the 1880's; full of solemn bearded bipeds in top hats and bonneted females in trailing skirts, and marvel at the relatively low proportion of crimes of violence in that delightful spot.

## Footnote

**Q**UESTIONING Victorian survivors with never-flagging curiosity, we find they regret most of all the chickens whose legs appeared in the "luncheon-baskets" supplied on trains of the period. These chickens' legs were dark blue, like those of Oxford

rowing-men. They were specially bred for railway purposes, apparently, and the secret has died. Whether they gave the Victorians a taste for eating their aged relatives, a common habit, we couldn't discover.

## Canard

**A** PROPOS these matters, the legend that Mistinguett has blue legs, like a Victorian railway chicken, is a myth, like the legend that she was expelled from Eton in 1806 for knowing French.

As one of that indefatigable girl's most ardent fans, we are able to state that although she fagged for Wellington at Eton in the 1780's she was never expelled, and indeed on her last visit to Eton, in the 1890's, she distributed half a crown among the boys with charming grace. The blue-legs story arose from her falling off her bicycle at Besançon during a "Six-Jours" race round France in the 1870's, during which she wore Old Etonian colours. "The old school thigh!", said Mistinguett laughingly, pointing to her bruised and discoloured but dainty limbs.

## Rap

**J**AMES ("BOSS") AGATE's recent mention in the *Sunday Times* that Irving got the bird from a Lyceum audience for an



"You care to buy war souvenir, D.C.M., D.S.O., V.C., Order of the British Empire?"

inaudible performance as King Lear shows that that perpetual flattery of the public in which Irving indulged ("your most grateful, most humble, most obedient servant" was his usual line in curtain-speeches) is ridiculous.

Many bookish boys and girls fawn on their public to a sickening degree, touting for their affection and playing up to their ignoble weaknesses. Not so the great Chesterton, who for years baffled and annoyed the *Edwardian Daily News* public by continually praising wine and song and French Gothic cathedrals and the Girondists and laughter and poets and saints with foreign names and logic and Latin literature and other repugnant matters. Protests poured in continually from the serious-minded and had no effect on him whatsoever. Similarly Mr. Mencken, scourge of the American Booboisie, takes his public by the scruff and periodically socks it one. Gaffer Shaw has made a fortune likewise. One good boff on the snuzzle to begin with is the thing; get your public numb, dazed, and groggy from the word "go" and it won't let out a squawk. We've often wished we had this courage, instead of flattering you weakly as we do. If Irving had lounged before the curtain and said carelessly, "Thanks for the applause—not that one per cent. of you rats know anything about the art of acting" he'd have had the Race eating out of his hand. How do resolute chaps get on and marry jaded petulant women of enormous wealth? Not by stroking their hair, they tell us.

## Sand

**T**HOSE increased desert sandstorms recently impeding the Eighth Army were due, an expert claims, not only to war traffic but to the temporary migration of the Bedouin, who bind the sand down here and there with vegetation.

The consequences of not binding sand down we know ourselves in these islands, to some extent—in the Hebrides, for example, and in Cornwall, where blown sand has buried whole villages, unless the locals lie. There's a wild stretch of huge sandhills on the Glamorgan coast which inspires the hairy natives to similar allegations in a

(Concluded on page 142)



"Quite honestly I don't know who they are—but they always appear when we have swans on the lake"





Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

## Welcome to London: the New High Commissioner for South Africa

Colonel Deney Reitz, M.P., son of a former President of the Orange Free State; and an old friend and supporter of General Smuts, is a worthy successor to Mr. Sydney Waterson, the former very popular High Commissioner for South Africa in London. Colonel Reitz, as a young man, fought against the British in the Boer War, and, unable to accept the peace terms, exiled himself to Madagascar, returning later to South Africa at the request of General Smuts, to aid his leader in building up the new Dominion. M.P. for Barberton, in coming to London he leaves the important post of Minister for Native Affairs, which he has held since 1939. In that year he came to England as the Union representative at the inter-Dominion talks, and visited France before the collapse. During the last war Colonel Reitz served in the East African campaign, and later commanded a battalion of the Royal Scots Fusiliers in France. He is married and has a son, Michael, in the South African Air Force, and a daughter. Colonel Reitz has told his own story in two books, *Commando*, describing his anti-British days, and *Trekking On*, a record of his later years



# Standing By ...

(Continued)

light tenor recitative, rising swiftly to a modulated musical howl called the *hawyl*, at first impressive, soon boring, and easily checked by some such firm remark as "Well, I don't suppose they were very interesting." This will stop a crowned bard in full song.

## Warning

THIS method may be tried in Cornwall as well—for example, on Gunwalloe Sands, when they are telling you about the buried pirate treasure—but the Cornish may knife you for interrupting, or may even knife you anyway. Looking at you from here we doubt if you're the type of foreigner the dark and secret Cornish care to have around. Your round faces and innocent blue eyes remind them too bitterly of what they've lost since wrecking went out as a county pastime.

## Splash

GENERAL MONTGOMERY resumed the offensive none too soon. Fleet Street was beginning to murmur ominously. At least two leader-writers were becoming really irritated with the Eighth Army's dilatory conduct. "The public," one of them wrote, meaning his owner, "wants victories." It was high time for the Army to appease these angry boys.

We took some trouble last week to find out what is considered a desirable minimum of victories. One substantial one per week was indicated. Naturally once the military authorities realise their duty they can put much more zing into it. The ideal front-page "splash," as everybody knows, would feature a mystery blonde in pyjamas leading a massed tank charge and capturing Rommel single-handed, crying "Yip-pee!"

This would indicate to our soul-mates and comrades (whom we love) that "Monty" was taking his job seriously. Amazing Desert Drama Sensation Bombshell Sequel. Mystery £2000 Pyjama Joan of Arc Takes Tunis At Head of Army As Thousands Cheer. Mother's Cry: "I Always Knew Ivy Could Do It!" £500,000 Business Man in Tank Love Romance.

"I have always dreamed of leading a British Army to victory," said slim sunburned rose-lipped laughing Miss Poodle yesterday, "and now I am glad I have done it. I have always been a registered reader of the *Daily Snoop*. Of course I have no military experience but I believe in the *Daily Snoop* policy of push and go. Until a brigadier invited me to sit on his tank I had no idea I was going to lead the troops, but everybody was awfully nice and I am grateful to the *Daily Snoop* for the idea of wearing my pyjamas. My mother, who is also a registered reader of the *Daily Snoop*, is delighted. I have no plans at present, but I shall go away and think everything out very quietly, or else go on the stage."

Excuse these daydreams:

## Footjoy

INTRODUCING the Race to wooden-soled shoes is being so tactfully done that the bold introduction of the Continental sabot would probably take a considerable time.

The sabot is the ideal Arcadian footwear, of course. Probably it would have been adopted on the farms long ago if the Race hadn't been terrified by it some three centuries ago, as the symbol of French tyranny from which that grim pansy William of Orange delivered us, so the Whigs allege. (The miserable French peasant starved and wore wooden shoes, the happy English peasant trod on leather and was full of roast beef and ale, jolly as a lord—probably some cretins still believe that.) Our feeling is that a natty sabot would go over big in the Hayseed Belt right now. Before the war we saw a rustic sweetheart hoeing turnips languidly in patent-leather shoes, a sight that shocked the very birds. The sabot goes naturally with the fruitful Land and that passion for it which will yet save the French, and could save us as well.

## Tip

A LITTLE discreet foppery in this matter would not be out of place ("bishops' boots Mr. Radcliffe also condemned, and spoke highly in favour of tops cleaned with champagne and apricot jam"), and we wouldn't be against wooden shoes lacquered or painted in gay colours, or even gilded. You can't do much with the Arcadian pan. At least the old Arcadian dogs could become a thing of beauty. Write to *The Farmer and Stockbreeder* about it, mentioning Tiny.



"Quick! Give me something for these blasted things. They've got me in a pocket!"

## Hideout

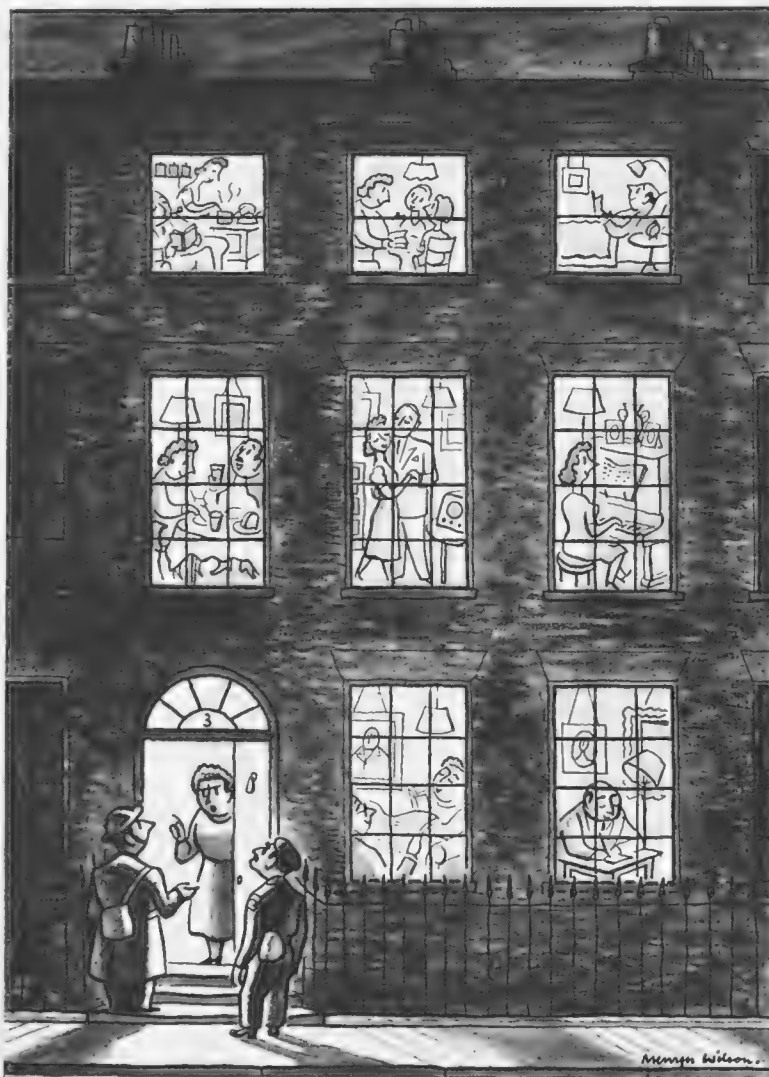
ONE of the minor benefits of war, according to a chap recently reviewing the situation, is that overcrowding in Harley Street is not the scandal it was before 1939. Fresh air now sweeps through erstwhile foetid consulting rooms. Surgeons can leap at rich women's viscera without knocking each other bowlegged in the scrimmage.

We haven't investigated personally, but our information is that the most notorious rabbit-warrens in the street, like Smoky Joe's at 298A, which held 57 titled specialists, or Lancet Looey's a few doors higher up, where a duchess was torn in pieces by ten psychiatrists in 1927, no longer pay "plate-money" to the police: so called because every Harley Street establishment with more than 50 brass plates on its front door had to square the dicks and the sanitary officials. But all that area bounded by Wigmore Street, Marylebone Road, Marylebone High Street, and Portland Street is still, our spies report, a defended position, mined, patrolled, and barred at night except to rich women and undertakers. So of course is the Fleet Street area.

## Survival

THESE defended positions—others are Bedford Row, where the solicitors cling together in terror, and Hatton Garden, where the diamond boys cluster to protect their lives and property against diamond-lovers—are interesting survivals of the feudal or Dark Ages. Also the Inns of Court. Maim or kill one lawyer in Middle Temple Lane and the swarming-cry goes forth. Before you know where you are fifty barristers are leaping round you, yelling their price for the defence, our spies add.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"It's no use fussing about our black-out—we haven't got any"



# Five Children

With Their Mothers



Bassano

## Lady Douglas Gordon and Andrew

The wife of the Marquess of Huntly's youngest brother was married in 1940, and her son, Andrew, was born just a year ago. She was Miss Suzanne du Boulay, daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. A. H. du Boulay, D.S.O., and of Lady Elles. Her husband, Major Lord Douglas Gordon, Black Watch, was a Page of Honour to the King from 1930 to 1933



Mrs. G. E. Thubron and Her Children

Marcus Adams



The Hon. Mrs. Denis Lowson and Her Daughters

Marcus Adams

Mrs. Thubron, third sister of Sir Noel Dryden, Bt., married Major Gerald Ernest Thubron, of Myton Grove, Myton, near Warwick, in 1931. He is serving in the North Staffordshire Regiment. Their daughter, Carol, was born in 1937, and their son, Colin, is two years younger. Mrs. Thubron is a descendant of John Dryden, the poet

The Hon. Mrs. Lowson, younger daughter of the late Lord Strathcarron, and sister of the present peer, is the wife of Mr. Denis Lowson, of Deepwood House, Farnham Royal, Buckinghamshire, whom she married in 1936. They have two daughters, Gay and Melanie, aged five and three years old. Mrs. Lowson is at present working in a factory



# Margot Fonteyn as Swanilda

In "Coppelia" the Sadler's Wells Ballerina  
Completes Her Repertoire of Classical Ballets



As Swanilda, Margot Fonteyn  
Danilova, Ninette de Valois

Photographs



Margot Fonteyn and Alexis Esposito  
formerly danced by Harold



For the first time, *Coppelia*, complete with Third Act, was chosen to open a London season of the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company, now at the New Theatre for an all-too-short period of three weeks. It is over seventy years since *Coppelia* was first given in Paris, at the Théâtre Impériale de l'Opéra, to Delibes' fascinating music. Margot Fonteyn is dancing the principal role of Swanilda, having made her debut in this role on Christmas Eve in York. She now dances the leading roles in the five classical ballets—*Sleeping Princess*, *Le Lac des Cygnes*, *Giselle*, *Casse Noisette* and *Coppelia*. Robert Helpmann once again takes a familiar role, that of Dr. Coppélius, the old doll-maker; Alexis Rassine appears as Franz, Moyra Fraser as Prayer, and Beryl Grey as Dawn. The choreography of *Coppelia* is by Petipa and Cecchetti, reconstructed by Sergueeff. Constant Lambert directs the orchestra



Follows in the footsteps of Lydia Lopokora, Elizabeth Miller and Mary Honer

by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



As Franz, Rassine takes a role. As Franz, Robert Helpmann and John Hart







Lunch before a matinée is a frugal meal. But a basketful of fruit like this makes any meal a feast these days

## Pantomime Jill

Twenty-Year-Old Kathleen Moody is Principal Girl in "Jack and Jill"

Although Kathleen Moody has been playing the role of principal girl for five years or more in the provinces, her part in *Jack and Jill*, this year's pantomime at His Majesty's Theatre, is her first West End appearance. Born in Manchester, Kathleen first sang before an audience when only two years old. Gracie Fields advised her to get her first professional experience in a juvenile troupe, and this Kathleen did before she was fourteen. Since the war, Kathleen has been specialising in coloratura operatic and point numbers in variety, thus gaining invaluable experience for a young singer

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



In the wings awaiting her cue, Jill finds her Jack. As in the Jack Hylton production of last year, Florence Desmond is a gallant and dashing principal boy



Limbering-up is the Morning's First Duty



Then a Few Scales



And, Finally, a Quiet Half-hour Before Bed



# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

## Impropaganda

It will be observed that both Germany's Public Perverter No. 1 and his opposite number on the *Popolo d'Italia* are very hard put to it to laugh Tripoli off, to say nothing of what is happening elsewhere. The Ananias of the *Angriff* has made a very stupid attempt at a get-out by likening Hitler's Hand-picked Policeman to the leader of the "Retreat of the Ten Thousand." The analogy is quite fatuous. Xenophon was a cultured person, a member of his local Athenæum Club, a truthful recorder of warfare in very easy Greek (for which Smith Minor has never ceased to be grateful), a soldier ultimately, more or less by accident—a rather unfortunate one to his G.O.C., Cyrus. Rommel is a one-way-street traffic cop, who has been continually boosted by Hitler's mouthpiece into being a general of an epoch. This advance in North Africa has been hailed as equal to that other exploit just mentioned and, in the same breath, is said to be like nothing in history! This latter remark is categorically true, for that which Rommel has done, and is still doing, has not the slightest resemblance to the famous operation which saved the Greek division. The German General Staff is very far from being an uneducated body, and it would therefore be enlightening to learn what it thinks of: (a) Hitler's Policeman; and (b) of Hitler's muddled-brained meddling with the classics. In the meanwhile, congratulations to the two partners in the famous firm of removal and transport contractors, Alexander and Montgomery, and, in the same breath, to all hands concerned. The next stop is . . . ?

## The Big Double at Punchestown

MR. C. W. LOVEGROVE, who is a well-known member of the Worthing Sailing Club, has most kindly responded to my S O S for the names of any other horses, in addition to Red Man, ridden by the Hon. H. Fitzwilliam, a cousin of the late Lord Morton, who have fairly and squarely flown the big double. Two others, according to some data Mr. Lovegrove has sent me, have done it: Lord George, an English horse, which makes it all the stranger; and Charity Boy, an Irishman. In the book *Thoughts on Sport*—the name of whose author

seems to be missing—which Mr. Lovegrove has sent me, it is stated in this connection: "Others no doubt may have done so." Not many, I should think, for this obstacle is the kind of place where it is a broken back if the horse blunders, to say nothing of what may happen to the rider. The actual bank between the ditches is not very high as some Irish banks go, but it is the distance that has to be cleared that makes it so formidable. The ditch in front is 6 ft. 6 in. wide, and they say only 3 ft. deep, but it looks much more; the take-off is slightly uphill; the bank is about 3 ft. high from the ground-level on the take-off side, but 4 ft. on the landing side, where there is a 4 ft. ditch. The bank itself is 6 ft. 6 in. wide, so that from lip to lip of the ditches there is a distance of 17 ft., which is not as far as a horse will cover in his stride when all out; but we've got to bear in mind that he'll have to stand away from the first ditch at least a length, and that he has got to land well beyond the ditch on the far side; he has also got to clear the height, which is nothing compared to most of the fences at Aintree. These bare measurements cannot convey any real idea to anyone who has never seen the big double. There is no guard-rail in front of the ditch, and if the ground happens to be greasy, and there is the slightest slither, in they go. Neither of these ditches is so deep as many that can be met with in Meath. There, people who get in disappear from view completely, and all that may sometimes be seen of any adventurer is the top of his hat.

## No Punchestown in 1882

IF, unhappily, the present decision to abandon the great meeting this year is adhered to, it will not be the first interruption. In my previous note it was said that it probably would be. This was wrong, for, in 1882, the stewards cancelled it by way of a protest against what the Land League had been doing to the Kildare Hunt: poisoning their hounds, shooting their foxes, burning their best coverts, mobbing and insulting anyone bold enough to try to go out hunting, and so forth. Punchestown is something more than just a big steeplechase meeting, for thousands of people profit by it: shopkeepers,

(Concluded on page 148)



W/Cdr. G. Maxwell, M.C., D.F.C., A.F.C.

The subject of this Olive Snell portrait is one of Fighter Command's most popular station commanders. An outstanding pilot of the last war, W/Cdr. Gerald Maxwell destroyed over thirty enemy aircraft. He rejoined the R.A.F. in 1939



On the Tunisian Front

Lieut.-General K. A. N. Anderson (right), G.O.C. the First Army, seen here while on a visit to a forward divisional H.Q., fought with the B.E.F. in France in 1940, and became G.O.C.-in-C., Eastern Command, in April 1942



Officers of an R.A.F. Station Somewhere in England

W. Dennis Moss

Front row: S/Ldr. M. Egan, A.F.C., Wing Cdrs. Hon. G. R. Ward, E. L. J. Rowe, G/Cpts. Boddie, C. Findlay, D.F.C., A.F.C., Air Vice-Marshal D. Harries, A.F.C., G/Capt. H. G. Pringle, A.F.C., Wing Cdrs. H. E. F. Saunders, A. T. Whitelock, S/Ldrs. G. W. Lombardi, R. Horrox, M.M. Middle row: S/Ldr. E. L. Williams, G.M., F/O. M. G. MacLaran, S/Ldrs. P. H. Baldwin, P. H. Knowles, A.F.C., A. L. Owen, F/O. R. A. Harrison, Lieut.-Colonel J. Hassell, D.S.O., M.C., F/Lt. W. Reynish, F/O. J. N. N. Robinson, Sq/O. B. M. M. Badcock, M.B.E., F/Lt. G. W. Faiers, M.M. Back row: F/Lts. P. M. Procter, H. D. Carruthers, E. V. Allen, G. T. Griffith, S/Ldrs. H. Falkner, W. Arblaster, M.C., F/Lt. S. Webb, P/O. N. A. Malcolm

## Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

hotel proprietors, car-owners and a host of other folk, small traders and such-like, and so, when the Land League compelled this 1882 abandonment, it did not make itself exactly popular. This year the ban has been put on by the Government, on account of the transport and petrol difficulties.

### Slattery's Steeplechase

It happened in those piping times of peace, before there was anything like a ban placed upon people's trying to break their necks, and the world was as full of fun as the monkeys' cage in the Zoo; when people used to sink into saddlebag chairs in front of roaring fires, with two dogs pretending to be asleep and three cats of tender age actually so, and, bar their snoring and the stately tick-tock of an ancient weights clock, there wasn't a mortal sound to be heard for miles and miles around and about the face of the earth. In those jolly times, as we do just be saying, there was a man named Larry Slattery who had a horse in the local Town Plate, run over the finest lot of banks in all Ireland, that was good enough to fall down three times and then win by about half-a-mile. At first only the owner knew this, but when he went to get a modest wager from a bookmaker named Ananias McIkestein, from the City of Cork, he discovered that a large number of other persons must have known, for it was a steaming-hot favourite in a field of ten, and there were only the dregs and dust of the market left for the owner. After putting the Curse of Crummie, and a lot of others, on Ananias McIkestein, Slattery set to work out a very neat and new tactical scheme.

### Tactics

HE went round privily to eight of the other performers in the race, and, sweetening them with a bit of the book he was proposing to arrange about the only other one (owned by a second cousin by marriage of McIkestein's, one Phin O'Hagan), disclosed his vivid plan of campaign. It was that he and they should form a strong containing force behind the McIkestein horse and drive him over the obstacles, and compel him to win, whether he wanted to or not. They did not then know that McIkestein had told Phin to hook the animal up, because he was not wanted till the following Friday fortnight, when he would



### A U.S. Transportation Corps H.Q.: Colonel Ryan and His Staff

Front row: Majors H. J. Dooley, W. H. Beers, Lieut.-Colonel D. W. Traub, Colonels D. S. McConaughy, N. A. Ryan, Lieut.-Colonels T. Monroe, M. D. Emmanuel, Majors S. H. Bingham, G. N. Olsen. Second row: Capts. W. J. Porter, A. C. Bonnaffon, J. B. Eisel, Majors W. R. Hubbard, J. C. Conine, K. D. McKenzie, Capts. E. Ayre, S. D. Taber, S. E. Travis. Third row: 1st Lieuts. P. E. Pearson, H. A. Smith, Capt. J. L. Bartley, 2nd Lieut. C. Brown, Capts. R. Fiske, W. H. Henderson, Jr., M. D. Frechie, J. C. Roberts, W. H. McConnell. Back row: 1st Lieut. J. A. Fitzpatrick, Capt. E. G. Scott, 2nd Lieut. M. Moore, 1st Lieut. W. C. Fisher, 2nd Lieuts. J. W. Edwards, J. N. Langfitt, W. J. Teegen, M. W. Martin, J. G. Bohorfoush, 1st Lieut. W. A. Bergquist, 2nd Lieut. B. W. Robertson

just doddle home, and at a very nourishing price, for the Blackthorn Plate at the City of Ballymush Steeplechases. However, that did not matter, for Larry Slattery and his friends were grim, determined men, and every mother's son of them hated the Children of Israel like rat-poison.

### The Battle

ALL went according to plan (for a bit), as Phin O'Hagan never had a dog's chance to get out; they simply drove him into them, and any time he even looked like trying to make off into the open country, they hit him or his horse an almighty skelp or two with their whips or ashplants, according to taste. When there were only about three fences to go, the McIkestein saw through his glasses what was up, so he hastily mobilised a posse of the supporters of Larry Slattery's piping-hot favourite, and also some other local baboons, to line the landing-sides of the last two fences, and

knock Phin O'Hagan cold with sticks, stones or anything else that might come handy. The infantry did their bit, but the Slattery cavalry were too hot for them, and Phin was delivered a safe and sure winner, and the books had to pay up and look unpleasant. It was then that the fun really started. First of all there was an affair of outposts in the dressing-tent, led by Phin O'Hagan and two "professionals" from the Dead Sea, hired by Mr. McIkestein as his Treasury Officials. The war then spread rapidly to the tent where they sold the porter; then the local policeman from the City of Shabeen and the band (big drum, two clarionets and a one-eyed fiddler) joined in; and, last of all, the judge and the stewards. Blood, teeth and hair bestrewn the boggy sward, and at length someone had to be sent off on the postman's pony to call out Mulligan's Mounted Fut—the local Yeomanry—to prevent the argument developing into a vulgar and bloody brawl! Happy days! Happy days!



D. R. Stuart

### Officers of a Fleet Air Arm Station

Front row: Lieuts. Brewer, Morgan, Kenton, Lieut.-Cdr. Coates, Lieuts. Throckmorton, Knight. Middle row: Lieuts. Rayner, Rea, Robertson, Malet, Deavin, Lambert. Back row: Sub-Lieut. Griffith, Lieuts. Barker, Weil, Rees, de la Cœur



### Workshop College Rugby XV.

Playing for Workshop College, when they beat Rosslyn Park Colts by 29-0, were: (sitting) C. H. Ewart, D. F. Bachelor, T. B. Greenwood, N. M. Hall (captain), F. R. Holliday, W. G. Briggs, J. M. Taylor; (standing) T. Bennett, W. H. Joss, D. W. Hardy, J. W. Phillips, C. S. Harden, R. V. Thompson, I. Hesketh, J. Daniels, J. Harvey. Workshop College have had very successful seasons both in 1941 and 1942





## Grim and Gay: Getting Mine-Sweeping Gear Outboard

By Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley-Beuttler

What goes on here? Well, these nautical technicalities are not easy, but the idea is to get the cigar-shaped object, known as an "Otter," outboard, without a hitch, one on each quarter of the ship, and tow them along astern. The otter floats and flies a red flag to mark its position. Near its nose is the mooring bracket and a short chain, to which is fixed the long towing wire. In the middle of the wire is the "depressor," which keeps it well submerged. When the mooring wire of a mine is contacted, it is swept along the towing wire until it reaches the "cutter," below the otter's stern. This cuts the mine free and up it comes to the surface, there to be fired at and exploded by the minesweeper. These little ships, mostly converted steam trawlers, generally work in pairs, sweeping every channel to every port and every coastal shipping lane daily. They are the advance guard of the Fleet, and in all weathers their dangerous work, unheralded and unsung, is never ending. The fishermen who manned them in peacetime form the bulk of their crews, and their skippers are rated "Skippers, R.N.R." All honour to them

# With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

## "Is Your Journey Really Necessary?"

MR. ROBERT GIBBINGS' *Coming Down the Wye* (Dent; 12s. 6d.) reminds us that travel, in the great and the true sense, is not an affair of distance, of obscure destinations, of exotic regions covered, of oceans crossed. Mr. Gibbings has taken a tract within our own shores—the course of the Wye, from the river's rise in Plynlimon to its running into the Severn below Chepstow—and shown us how there are packed into these miles of Wales and England the intensities of a whole continent. You will remember that this is not the first time this artist has attached himself to a river—his *Sweet Thames Run Softly* made for itself, earlier on in these war years, an individual place.

To the temperamental traveller—and of these, I think, there are many—journeys, in one form or another, are necessary. War closes ports and airports, the car is laid up, wartime conscience warns him away from the railway booking-office—but he will still find, if only in an hour or two of walking, some outlet, some satisfaction, for his feeling for movement, his curiosity, his powers of observation, his desire for the unknown, whether frightening or beautiful. The immobilisation of wartime is only outward—there are natures you cannot keep tied to one place.

Happily, Mr. Gibbings is one of these. And, still more happily, he has the art of recording for us, both in words and in his vital and rhythmic woodcuts, the sensations of being upon the move. He has brought to the Wye, as he brought to the Thames, the wide terms of comparison of a former traveller in distant parts of the world: one thing reminds him, delightfully, of another—and that other may be in the Antipodes. Travel is an art that matures with each year of practice. To have seen a great deal does not blur, but sharpens the vision; the more one has seen, the more one has to remember, the more intelligently one sees what one now sees.

These observations mark my clumsy attempt to define the particular quality of Mr. Gibbings' writing. His *Coming Down the Wye*, an erratic, high-handed book, could certainly not be described as "a guide to the Wye Valley," though it is an instigation to travel there. On the three clear, staid maps, each showing a river section (Plynlimon to Builth, Builth to Hereford, Hereford to Chepstow), Mr. Gibbings' movements are to be traced. Thus, as a monologue on a journey, *Coming Down the Wye* never cheats—but it divagates. It is the chart of a temperament just as much as it is the chart of a region. The country-side, from sharp mountains to placid meadows, has been not only seen, but felt. It has been explored, in all aspects, with such a completeness that Mr. Gibbings seems to have ten senses instead of five.

How many of us have

seen the source of a river? The only source I traced (but I must make a poor explorer) was one Midland marsh, from which what would be a noble stream seeped reluctantly from among several old tin cans. Even so, there was magic about the spot. Mr. Gibbings has done better. He writes:

I was at the source of the Wye. After a gentle murmuring underground, the water welled up, brushing aside the young spring grass, to form a pool no larger than a bowler hat. Then gently it glided between rich tussocks of moss and rushes still bent from their load of winter snow, until it tumbled like a shower of sequins over the black velvet of a peat face. The pool below this was wider and deeper, and with every yard of its flow the strength of the rivulet increased. Small streams from successive dells and dingles joined in, and so, between thick felts of sphagnum moss starred with cotton grass, and over rocks long since worn smooth, it frisked and dived towards its first tributary a thousand feet below.

## Things of Peace

LIFE in all forms—even the history of former heavings and changes written on now immobile mountains and rocks—is intensely attractive to Mr. Gibbings. He writes about birds, for instance, with the information, but something more than the usual warmth, of the ornithologist, adding, here and there, a sense of their comedies—we see the august heron skidding upon the ice. Poachers, dealers in anti-witchcraft remedies, horse-copers, ghosts, Hereford cattle, ill-fated beauties, bar characters, a squire, ponies, trout and long-dead, but



FENWICK

## Broadcasting To-day—No. 3, Italy:

"Never have-a the Italian peoples been-a so near-a the victory". . . . oka-de-doke . . . . dodge-a de bomb . . . ."

once intensely living, Welsh toughs, all move in his pages. Past and present form a fascinating mosaic. We hear of the little girl mermaid, who chose to live in a bell. We hear of cattle and geese, first driven over "the green roads," then shod for their long farther routes to the English markets—this before the days of the railway-truck. We meet Rhys, of Llangurig, that famous tickler of trout and dodger of squires. The history of "Rebecca and her daughters," that frightening punitive band, is made known to us. We encounter the Home Guard—for this was a wartime journey, though always outside stricture; to public transport there was little or no recourse.

Read—as I happened to read it—to the full orchestration of London's A.A. barrage, this book exuded sanity. Mr. Gibbings writes robustly of timeless things. The centuries before human trouble began worked to leave one light ripple-mark on a rock. The seasons roll round, casting their changing light upon lonely places. This drama of Nature is the enduring one—and even the people of whom Mr. Gibbings writes partake of Nature's assurance. . . . The book is not all travel: in the latter part, we find Mr. Gibbings settled down in a mountain cottage of unchallenged remoteness, near the source of the Wye. His sole companion is his pony. The cottage, the pattern of its "pitched" floor, the slope of fir-trees above it, and the bird-haunted small lake—are all recorded in woodcuts, while in expressive language he hymns the delights of house-keeping on one's own. You will enjoy his humour, always pungent and sharp, and his taste for the pleasingly broad in an anecdote.

(Concluded on page 152)

# CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

OFTEN I wish that one could be inoculated by an anti-satiety mixture. Especially as I have never quite understood exactly why we weary of things and people merely because they are too, too familiar. Everything we once admired in them is still there—except the enthusiasm of our own pristine admiration! Why, remembering how once we sat at the feet of Wagner and worshipped, do we now feel restless before we have sat halfway through *The Ring*? Why, recollecting how years ago we read the works of Swinburne through and through and through again, do we merely smile a superior smile whenever his poetry is mentioned? Certainly, it isn't that we have progressed—at least, it does not necessarily mean that. It merely means that we have discovered all there is to discover and so yearn to pass on. Like a child who is intensely curious to know how a watch works, takes one to pieces and afterwards is no longer interested in the working of watches.

So perhaps everything and mostly everybody is symbolised by the torture of those continuous drops of water which, pleasant in the beginning, at last become unendurable. A fact which, of course, is admirable when it applies to some Divine Restlessness, but advances us nowhere when it applies to strawberry ices and "swing." If only, therefore, we could still love the things we once loved, while at the same time, seeking pastures new, life would become one enthusiasm after another—or rather, a hundred enthusiasms

at the same time. Nevertheless, we only seem to have been faithful all our lives to such mundane blessings as a bottle of wine, a comfortable bed, bread, bridge and boiled puddings! We never get tired of them! The rest has been a series of violent excursions—mostly shattering when it applies to people and generally boring at last when applied to things! What a blessing, therefore, would be an anti-satiety mixture. It isn't that our dreams come true too late, so much as they come true when we are dreaming of something else.

Maybe, however, the mind, the soul, even morals, have this relationship to the human body—over use leads to fatigue. If, metaphorically speaking, we are getting too much vitamin A, we must have a larger quantity of vitamin B to make us healthy; while a little poison in the system keeps the blood corpuscles up to the mark.

Nevertheless, it would be peaceful not to get tired of things and to listen to the same enchanting melody again and again without at last wanting to scream—never to believe we have come to the end of people and things when, in reality, the truth is usually that we have come to the end of ourselves in their connection.

In Heaven, metaphorically speaking again, we shall always be walking arm pressed to arm with everything we have once loved. A pity, therefore, that the conventional picture of Heaven would likely sicken everybody, except perhaps angels, within a week! I simply can't imagine how angels remain angelic!



# Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review  
of Weddings and Engagements



**Johnston — Sykes**

Lieut. Francis Nigel Featherston Johnston, R.N., youngest son of Mr. Justice Johnston and Mrs. Johnston, of Wellington, New Zealand, married Marion Cranford (Morag) Sykes, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Sykes, of Skye, at Brompton Oratory



**Miss H. B. Tull** *Lenore*

Helen Bridget Tull, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Tull, of 3, Dorchester Court, Sloane Street, S.W., is engaged to Lieut.-Col. Henry James Sinclair Brooke, The Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment, son of the late Canon and Mrs. H. Sinclair Brooke, of Tunbridge Wells



**Gilbert-Smith — Martin-Harvey**

Oliver Brian Gilbert-Smith, fourth son of the late M. Gilbert-Smith, and Mrs. Gilbert-Smith, of Hampton, Coonoor, India, and Doris Florence Martin-Harvey, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Martin-Harvey, of Tootin, Bickley, Kent, were married at St. Peter's, Vere Street



**Brown — Smith**

Lieut. (E.) Richard Thomas Farnell Brown, R.N., only son of Eng. Rear-Admiral and Mrs. R. C. Brown, of Horrabridge, South Devon, married Joan Vivienne Jobling Smith, only daughter of Mrs. Lillian A. Smith, of Newcastle, at All Saints', Gosforth



**Irwin — Catto**

Sub-Lieut. (E.) T. Peter Irwin, R.N., only son of Lieut.-Cdr. and Mrs. T. C. Irwin, of St. Saviour's, Jersey, married Sheila Helen Catto, daughter of the late G. L. and Mrs. Catto, also of Jersey, at All Saints' Church, Bisley



**Mason — Twogood**

Captain Alan Mason, R.A., son of Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Mason, of Hollybush, Hanworth Rd., Hampton, married Eileen Lillian Twogood, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Twogood, of Aldennis, Hampton Rd., Teddington, at St. James's, Hampton



**Kerby — Calvé**

Wing Cdr. Harold Kerby, R.C.A.F., son of Mr. and Mrs. Roy D. Kerby, of Toronto, married Dorothy Winifred Calvé, daughter of Mrs. Richard Lloyd George, and step-daughter of Major Richard Lloyd George, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



**Fearnley — Jones**

Malcolm Westwood Fearnley, East Surrey Regiment, son of the late A. J. Fearnley, and Mrs. Fearnley, of Hampton Hill, and Beatrice Bettie Jones, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Jones, of Egham, Surrey, were married at St. Jude's, Englefield Green



**Bruce — Giffard**

Captain Charles Frederick Bruce, Royal Canadian Engineers, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bruce, of Ottawa, married Geraldine Cordelia Diana de Longueville Giffard, daughter of Major and Mrs. W. Giffard, of The Bursary, Epsom College, Surrey, at Epsom Parish Church

## ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 138)

FitzRoy; and left a little boy, who is the future Lord Southampton. The very attractive young wife of Lord Petre, the former Miss Peggy Hamilton, is seldom seen in London these days. While her husband is away serving with the Essex Regiment, Lady Petre is kept busy looking after her young son and working on the land. In December last, when we published a picture of Lady Petre and her son, we incorrectly stated that the Hon. John Petre was born in April last. He was, of course, born on August 4th, 1942, and is only to-morrow celebrating his first six months' anniversary.

## Famous Columnist Married

BROMPTON ORATORY was full for the wedding of Viscountess Furness to the Earl of Kenmare. The bride's daughter, Patricia Cavendish, by her marriage to the late Colonel Cavendish, wore a traditional bridesmaid's frock of stiff white satin, a bunch of lilies-of-the-valley fastening a short, white tulle veil on her fair hair. Viscountess Furness's younger son, sixteen-year-old Caryll Cavendish, on special leave from Eton, escorted his mother up the aisle. He is nearly as tall as his mother and is the heir to his uncle, Lord Waterpark. He is anxious to get into the A.T.C. and to join the R.A.F. at the earliest possible minute.

Lady Furness's sister, Mrs. Collett, was there and many friends, amongst whom I saw Mrs. Euan Wallace and Mrs. Randolph Churchill (both in W.V.S. uniform), the Hon. Mrs. Peter Pleydell-Bouverie, Mrs. Keith Newall, Lady Dorchester, and Lady Hatfield, who used to live in the south of France very near Lady Furness. The Dowager Countess of Kenmare came to see her son married, and so did his sister, Lady Dorothy Charteris. Many friends of the groom, so well known as Lord Castlerosse, represented the sporting and journalistic worlds, among them Tom Webster, the cartoonist, Steve Donoghue, the jockey, Hartnell, the Queen's dressmaker, and Charles B. Cochran, the great showman. The Duchess of Westminster was there; so were the Hon. Mrs. Evelyn FitzGerald, Lady Kemsley, the Hon. Mrs. Reggie Fellowes, and Lady Kent. Lord Strabolgi was with his wife—he is shortly having a new book published on naval strategy in the Second World War. Lady Diana Cooper was escorted by Mr. Duff Cooper, and went on after the ceremony with a small number of intimate friends to Lees Place, the bride's home, where there was a cake and champagne. The honeymoon is being spent at Lord Kenmare's Irish home in County Kerry, after which they plan to return to London as Lady Kenmare is working on a film on post-war reconstruction with the Ministry of Information.

On January 13th, we published a picture of Miss Anna Zinkeisen at work on a portrait. Owing to a photographer's error, we wrongly stated the sitter to be Mr. FitzHerbert Wright. It was, in fact, Mr. FitzWalter Wright, the present High Sheriff of Derby. We apologise for any inconvenience this may have caused.



## A Christening at Virginia Water

Lavinia Henrietta, the baby daughter of Squadron Leader and Mrs. John de Laszlo, was christened at the Parish Church, Virginia Water. They have a son, born in October, 1940. Squadron Leader de Laszlo is a son of the late Mr. Philip de Laszlo, the portrait painter, and his wife is a daughter of Sir Richard Cruise

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 150)

## High Standard

"THE 1943 SATURDAY BOOK" (edited by Leonard Russell: Hutchinson; 12s. 6d.) is still better than *The 1942 Saturday Book*. Mr. Russell has not been content to repeat, he has enlarged upon the former success. This miscellany is never too miscellaneous: not only do contributors give of their best, but the un-alike contributions all have in common some quality that gives *The Saturday Book* that very distinctive character of its own. This must be a case of inspiring editorship. This is a book to keep in the house: it can equally well be picked up for a half-hour, or read through, continuously; from beginning to end, War and peace, art and nature, history and fiction, past and present, are represented. There is something for every taste that is taste at all. The contemporary side keeps a good balance against the retrospective and evocative one. Pictures hold an important place: we are introduced, in the first part, to the striking camera-work of Douglas Glass—who also sets an original competition at the end. There are the wood-engravings of Agnes Miller Parker, plus a delightful zoo of "Creatures in Art"—jade stags, glass elephants, porcelain kittens, and so on, hailing from different countries and centuries. And Will Cuppy's "My Zoo" introduces a pleasantly lunatic atmosphere.

The literary side includes information (a useful dated War Chronicle, from September 1939 on), criticism, biography, and first-rate imaginative writing. Alexander Worth (of *The Last Days of Paris*) and William Shirer (of the *Berlin Diary*) both make notable contributions to the contemporary section; to which is added a study of President Roosevelt by Professor D. W. Brogan.

Four studies of contemporary figures in the arts represent ever-ruling civilisation. Eric Newton writes on Paul Nash; Thomas Russell on Sir Thomas Beecham; Sean O'Casey on Lady Gregory ("The Lady of Coole"); and James Agate (inimitably) on Edith Evans. Elsewhere, we have notes on literature, social history and sport. To the fiction section, H. E. Bates has contributed one of the (to my mind) best, and certainly, in an implicit way, the grimmest short stories that he has ever written. John Steinbeck's "Edith McGillicuddy" tells how a truant twelve-year-old, off on the skite one Sunday on a funeral train, met Robert Louis Stevenson at Monterey. There is, too, Dilys Powell's excellent "In the Train." In Part 6—"Fond Records"—we have another gem: Peter Quennell's "The Last Lord Holland." Of this categoric method of reviewing *The Saturday Book* I disapprove. But rather than give too vague praise to the bouquet, I must at least name some of its component blooms. First and last, the value of *The 1943 Saturday Book* resides in its order, its ruling idea. Those who may pick it up twenty years hence will find that our years of war were not wholly dark. Here is at least one monument to our power to enjoy life.

## Useful

EVERYBODY discusses the Beveridge Report, but, to be perfectly frank, has everyone read it? In any kind of at all heating discussion, it is desirable to speak not only from hearsay, but to have at least some idea of one's facts. Those who have either failed to read the Report, or who, having done so, have failed to master its contents, must still be many. Professor G. D. H. Cole's *Beveridge Explained* (New Statesman Pamphlet; 6d.) cannot, therefore, fail to be very helpful.

In his Foreword, Professor Cole says:

This pamphlet is meant to explain the Beveridge Report to those who want its main proposals stated briefly and in unofficial language. It is an explanation, and not a criticism of the Report; for, though there are points at which the proposals are open to criticism, they are, to my mind, of secondary importance. The essential thing, for the time being, is to get the Report understood. . . . No more important social document has been issued for a generation.

With this object—of explanation—in view, Professor Cole writes succinctly, clearly and plainly. His ten chapter-headings give an idea of his method: "The Idea of Social Security"; "The Growth and Present Position of the Social Services"; "The Plan as a Whole"; "Family Problems"; "Medical Services"; "Pensions and Compensation"; "The Approved Societies and Industrial Assurance"; "Costs and Contributions"; "The Five Giants"; "How Will It Work?" Without taking up any argument, Professor Cole replies to a number of questions that must arise in the ordinary reader's mind. His paragraph headed "Can We Afford It?" should, by the end, allay at least some misgivings. Some useful tables (from the *Economist*) offer statistics of different years for comparison. . . . I do recommend this short pamphlet, as being both interesting and easily understood. It gives food for thought.

## Satanists at Large

IN *The Worst Viper*, by Gladys Mitchell (Michael Joseph; 8s. 6d.), Mrs. "Crocodile" Bradley rides again—happily for her many admirers, Miss Mitchell leaves her seldom out of the saddle. That cheerful student triumvirate, Laura, Alice and Kitty (first met in *Laurels are Poison*) also appear—before the end of the story poor Kitty has played an unwilling part in unholy rites. For, though the scene is the Broads in summer-holiday sunshine, Mrs. Bradley stirs up a hornets'-nest of Satanists—headquarters, London, from whence they derive most victims, but the club has a flourishing Norfolk branch. Corpses multiply with a speed that becomes—or at least, so I found—a trifle monotonous. Motor-cruisers and sun-bathing provide welcome relief. On the whole, I found *The Worst Viper* too sensational: I like my murders in a cosier setting. But thrills abound—if you seek them. There are various lurid goings-on, plus a chase at sea.





By Appointment



## A GRAND SPIRIT

The more you know about Scotch Whisky the more certain it is that "Black & White" will be your choice. This "grand spirit" has a flavour and quality beyond compare.

# "BLACK & WHITE"

*"It's the Scotch!"*



# AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

## Shadow Work

WHAT is vital in employment? What is essential work? Is it work that some Minister approves of, or is it the work that a consensus of informed opinion lays down as being necessary to the successful prosecution of the war? In aviation the finer problems of differentiation are not often met with, for one is either in aviation or out of it, and we may suppose, with reasonable support, that all who are in aviation are doing useful if not necessary work. But there are the borderline cases, and they provide not only the most irritating but also the most amusing examples of human ingeniousness and contrariness.

Those who fly are well aware that people who, before the war started, were interested in aviation, but who were also persons of power and wealth, were able to create posts and duties to suit themselves. I am not suggesting for one moment that any of these posts and duties were unnecessary. No branch of human activity has grown more rapidly than the branch which is described, officially and unofficially, as essential war work. As the desires of man are unlimited, so the scope of essential war work shows no limit. When a national emergency arose, it was the custom of those who owned large and powerful motor-cars to place them at the services of the Government, not so much in order that the Government would enjoy their use as that the owners should be able to continue driving them or being driven in them. With aircraft, the number privately owned was so small that it was almost impossible at the outset of the present war to form some high-sounding organisation bringing together all privately-owned aircraft into one large and growing body, and giving that body the appearance of being an

important contribution to the national effort.

War work is apt to become any work which enables the person concerned to avoid being ordered about by any of the Ministries. It is the great piquette for war sores, and it not only holds the official and civil servant at bay, but it also soothes the individual who is treated. The larger demands of war suggest that there should be some slight tightening-up of the official hold upon people, and especially persons (for here the distinction will be clear to those who know and to those who do not know) of all ranks and positions. The need is for a clear national directive which will enable every task to be assessed in relation to the war effort. Some, as the infantry soldier who risks his life in battle, are 100 per cent. in favour of the war effort. Others, like those who paint the spots on rocking horses, may be 1 per cent. in favour of the war effort. It is only by setting these tasks out in a graduated table that we shall ever get to the point of determining whether a man is doing really useful work or whether he could be put to yet more useful work. At present, the idea prevails that a man scrubbing a floor is more valuable to the war effort than a man directing a company, provided he wears a khaki uniform when he is doing the scrubbing.

## Berlin Reactions

ONE of the strangest things about Great Britain is that it will suffer heavy attacks from the air with scarcely a whimper, but that the moment anyone advocates publicly the



## Home from the Middle East

Group Officer F. M. Lewis, W.A.A.F., has just returned to the United Kingdom after sixteen months' service in the Middle East, during which she has flown 30,000 miles on Air Force duty. She is now taking over the duties of Senior W.A.A.F. Staff Officer at H.Q. Fighter Command

powerful blitzing of German cities it will rise up in its fury and express itself in no uncertain terms about the advisability of that policy. Incautiously enough, I wrote the other day saying in effect that I fully approved of the heavy bombing of Berlin in mid-January. A letter came to me shortly afterwards in which I was described as (a) a damnable liar; (b) an infamous and conscienceless villain; (c) a horribly atrocious beast; and (d) a human tiger, with apologies to the tiger. I was in the same letter recommended to "go and get an honest job road-sweeping." Such is the fate of the inoffensive publicist who seeks to put over his opinions—not without thought—on the aeronautical problems of the day. I need hardly add that the letter in which these descriptions were applied bore no address. Letters of that kind do not usually bear any address.

Nevertheless, I am going further to irritate my correspondent by saying that I still approve wholeheartedly, and without any kind of restriction, of the bombing of Berlin to the fullest possible extent, the greatest possible number of times and at the greatest possible intensity. I wonder whether my correspondent would be so angry if he had been clearer in his memory about the attacks upon our own cities by the German Air Force. But these people's memories are not usually good. They forget those things which do not suit their prejudices. They reject unpleasant facts and embrace merely those things which minister to their ignorant likes and dislikes.

## Twin offspring of a native genius



FROM a native genius for engineering sprung the wealth and power of our country on land and sea. It touches every phase of the national life. The activities of a major undertaking, such as The Nuffield Organization has become, would deeply

impress those accustomed to think of it in terms of motor car manufacture. Its technical knowledge and production capacity have deepened with the times. Its potentialities in the field of engineering are immense and constitute a valuable asset to the country.

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See its sparkling clearness  
as it bubbles in your glass.  
Take a deep draught. How  
clean and crisp it is on the  
tongue. Could you have  
believed that water could  
taste so satisfying?

# Schweppes

## MALVERN SPA

*Just as delightful  
blended with spirits*



• No woman can fail to be pleased with the dress on the left from Fortnum and Mason's, Piccadilly. It is carried out in a soft woolly fabric, the collar is adjustable and may be removed if desired; it is as appropriate for the younger as for the rather older woman. A feature is here made of the "casual" coat which may be draped over the shoulders or buttoned down the front in the accepted way. They look extremely well with a jumper dress in a contrasting colour. It must not be overlooked that accessories play a very important role. They are so useful in introducing cheerful notes. Utility footwear may be seen here and there are hats for all occasions, not overlooking those for brides and bridesmaids

## THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

BY M. E. BROOKE



• Careful planning of the spring wardrobe increases the value of coupons as monotony may be banished, especially with contrasting colours. Jays, Regent Street, are responsible for the two-piece on the right which is carried out in a light-weight striped suiting; these stripes are very flattering. The colour of the suit is in shades of marble and pebbles. The dress has a neat leather belt, white pique collar, hip yoke, and short sleeves. The coat sleeves are long and the collar is a revival which has much to be said in its favour. Tailormades in suitings (in plaids and plain) are well represented. They are designed so that all elaboration is eliminated and hence they will remain undated. It seems almost unnecessary to add that they are admirably cut and tailored. Furthermore, there is an infinite variety of felt and fabric hats for morning wear in town and country wear in general





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Knitwear**

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# BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

A LADY who lived in India was having some wiring done by a native electrician. He came to her over and over again for instructions. Finally, in exasperation, she said: "You know what I want. Why don't you just use your common sense and go ahead?"

He made a grave, courtly bow and said: "Madam, common sense is a rare gift of God. I have only a technical education."

LOUIS GOLDING, the author of *Magnolia Street*, was told this story by an Italian officer who is a prisoner in England. The officer commanded some Fascist groups who fought in Greece. One morning he received his instructions from the High Command, and then relayed them to his men. He told them of the plan—to charge from the ravine where they were located and take a fort atop the hill. The men nodded, in understanding.

At the appointed minute the officer raised his sword, shouted "Avanti!" and rushed up the hill. He glanced around him and found that he was alone. He looked back, where his men sat, applauding. "Bravo, capitano!"

TWO flies were strolling along the ceiling of an apartment. Suddenly, one of the flies paused. "You know," it remarked, "human beings are so silly."

The second fly shrugged.

"People are silly?" it echoed. "How do you figure that?"

The first fly tapped the ceiling with its foot.

"Well, take a look," it chirped. "They spend good money building a nice ceiling, and they walk on the floor!"



## Stage Wedding

Flying Officer Rex Harrison, R.A.F.V.R., was married at Caxton Hall recently to the Viennese actress Lilli Palmer who first came to Britain in 1935. They appeared together in "No Time for Comedy" at the Haymarket a year or so ago. Rex Harrison, who is thirty-four, was formerly married to Miss Noel Marjorie Collette Thomas

A GERMAN hausfrau was enumerating to a friend the various gifts she had received from the countries invaded by the Nazi army. "From Norway," she related, "I got the most beautiful gloves. From Holland I got a lovely pair of shoes. From France I got a wonderful dress!"

"What did you get from Russia," interrupted the friend.

"From Russia," was the reply, "I got my widow's veil."

THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER, FEBRUARY 3, 1943

THESE two stories came from "across the herring pond" :—

The ragged tramp galloped up to a passing pedestrian.

"Pardon me, buddy," he requested. "But could you spare twenty-five dollars and five cents for a cup of coffee?"

The citizen was amazed.

"Twenty-five dollars, five cents for a cup of coffee!" he echoed. "Why, that's ridiculous. A cup of coffee only costs five cents."

The tramp shrugged.

"I know," he admitted. "But please be fair about it. You wouldn't expect me to walk into a restaurant with these old clothes, would you?"

THE convict stood under a blistering sun, gazing at a rock pile. He raised his sledge-hammer and brought it down lightly on a small rock. The hammer barely nicked the rock.

The guard studied the convict's tired manner of working. It annoyed him to see this jailbird stalling on the job. He walked over to the convict.

"See here, you," he growled, pointing to the small stone. "How long is it going to take you to split a little rock like that?"

The convict rested on the sledge-hammer.

"It's hard to say exactly," he drawled slowly. "But the judge figured about twenty years, with four off for good behaviour!"

AND then there's the one about the little kid on a bike, who was showing off in front of mother. First he drove by the house with feet off the pedals and said, "Look, mum, no feet." The next time around the block he yelled: "Hey, mum, look! No feet and no hands!" The third time around the block he groaned, "Hey, mum, look! No teeth!"

TWO saboteurs carrying packages passed each other on the street. One stopped the other, inquiring, "What time is it by your bomb?"

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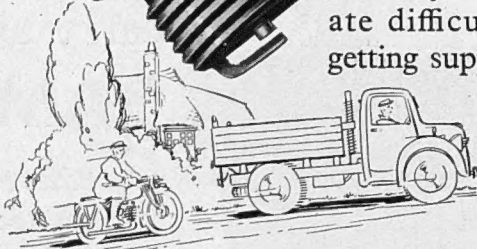
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